THE FLAG THAT KNOWS NO FEAR

Dedicated with respectful homage
to Our President
Woodrow Wilson,
Whose noble thought, so happily expressed, has struck sweet harmony upon the heartstrings of America: Whose wise and fearless action and the clear expression of its generous motives, has proven true to the pulse of American thought and ideals, and revealed, in its full beauty, the soul of the Nation.
God grant that his service may continue in the same measure of wisdom and rightousness, until the barbarous law of brute force, and the fallacy of military imperialism, shall have been buried beneath the ruins of heroic France and unfortunate Belgium, and the World shall have risen to a higher plane of being, where humanity shall feel with keener sense, the brotherhood of man; the sisterhood of nations, and reason, in the light of re-awakened Christianity shall once more rule the earth.

Very respectfully

A. J. Granger

WORDS & MUSIC
By
A.J. GRANGER

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There is comfort for the sorry,
There's a kiss for every tear
In the folds that Old Glory,
In the Flag that knows no fear,

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The Flag That Knows No Fear

Arranged by
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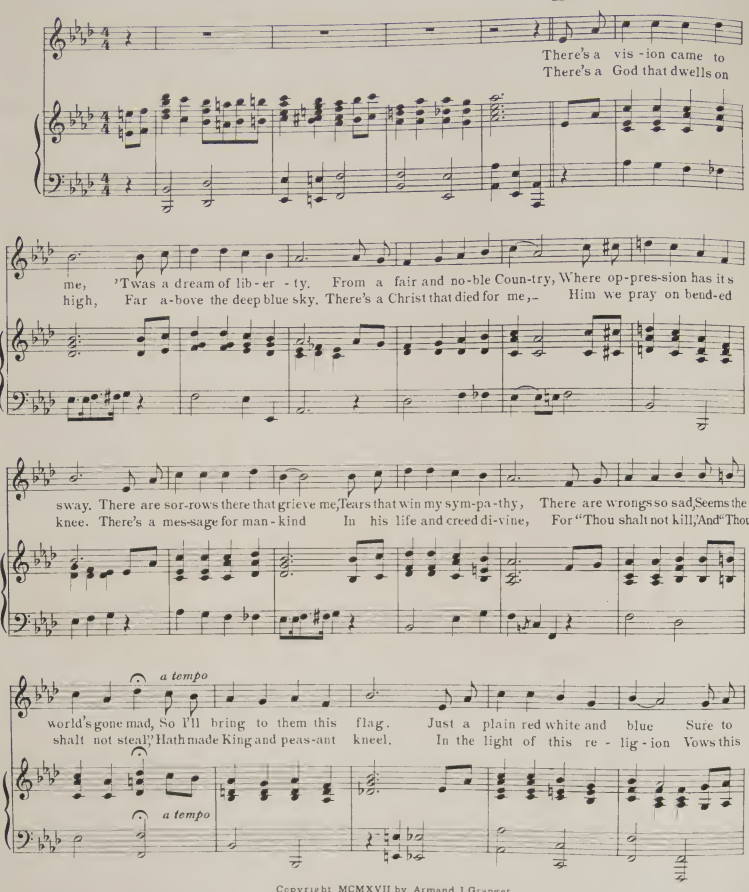
A. J. GRANGER

Maestoso


There's a vis - ion came to
There's a God that dwells on
me, 'Twas a dream of lib - er - ty. From a fair and no - ble Coun - try, Where op - pres - sion has its
high, Far a - bove the deep blue sky. There's a Christ that died for me,– Him we pray on bend - ed
sway. There are sor - rows there that grieve me, Tears that win my sym - pa - thy, There are wrongs so sad, Seems the
knee. There's a mes - sage for man - kind In his life and creed di - vine, For "Thou shalt not kill," And "Thou
a tempo
world's gone mad, So I'll bring to them this flag. Just a plain red white and blue Sure to
shalt not steal," Hath made King and peas - ant kneel. In the light of this re - lig - ion Vows this
a tempo

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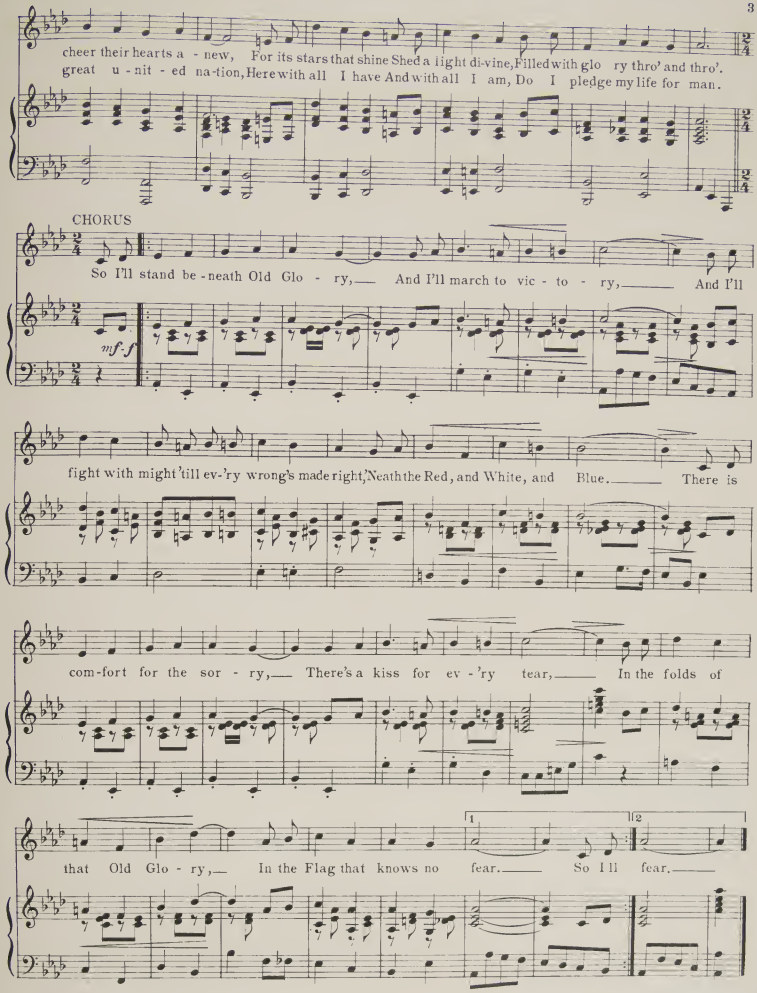
cheer their hearts a - new, For its stars that shine Shed a light di-vine, Filled with glo ry thro' and thro'.
great u - nit - ed na-tion, Here with all I have And with all I am, Do I pledge my life for man.
CHORUS
So I'll stand be - neath Old Glo - ry, And I'll march to vic - to - ry, And I'll
mf f
fight with might 'till ev-'ry wrong's made right, 'Neath the Red, and White, and Blue. There is
com-fort for the sor - ry, There's a kiss for ev -'ry tear, In the folds of
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that Old Glo - ry, In the Flag that knows no fear. So I'll fear.